

145, Oliver Rel.
MARVEL®
10th Aug 91

THE REAL

NO165 55p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

OO-ER! ITTY FABBY

FREE

STICKER!



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GHSTBUSTERS™

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FREE
STICKER!





More **FREE** gifts from **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** – what more could you ask for? A poster? Well, you've got one of them too if you turn to the centre pages of this ectoplasmically exciting issue.

Slimer gets the blame for all the strange goings-on at Ghostbusters' HQ in this week's **Winston's Diary!** Egon has a theory that Slimer's ghostly chemical balance is the reason for Peter's socks turning up in the dishwasher. What can they do to help their phantom friend?

The Ghostbusting gang try a spot of shadow boxing when Egon's latest invention backfires and our gang's shadows are set free to wreak havoc throughout the fire station in **Me And My Shadow!**

The Real Ghostbusters get visited by a client with strange powers who needs their help to escape from Mr Cosmos' creepy circus in the second scintillating instalment of **Carnival!**

Don't forget to look out for the fantastic **Robinsons' Radio** competition next week, and in the weeks to come – more action packed stories and more fantastic posters. Stay spooky!

CONTENTS

Me And My Shadow!
Spengler's Spirit Guide

Winston's Diary!

Carnival! – Part Two
Dead True!

Next Week Box/**Blimey! It's Slimer!**

Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE AND JOHN BURNS**
Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

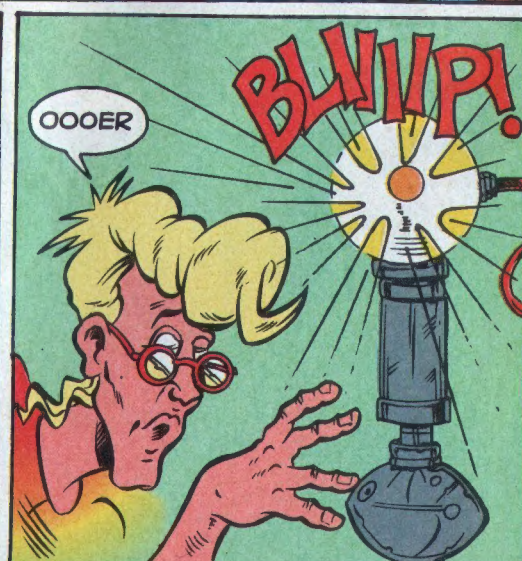
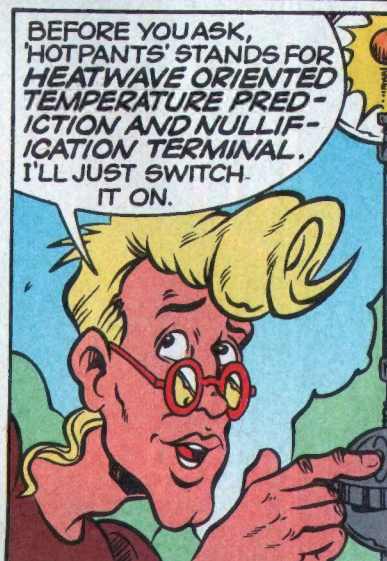


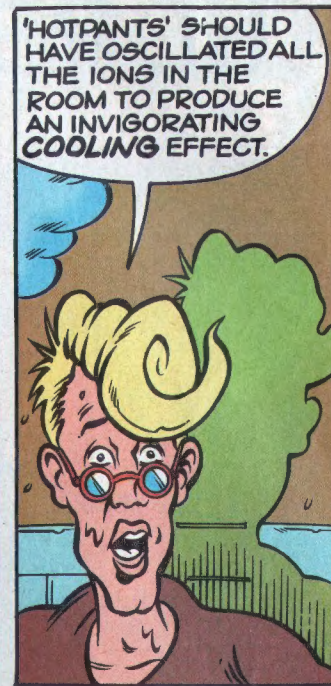
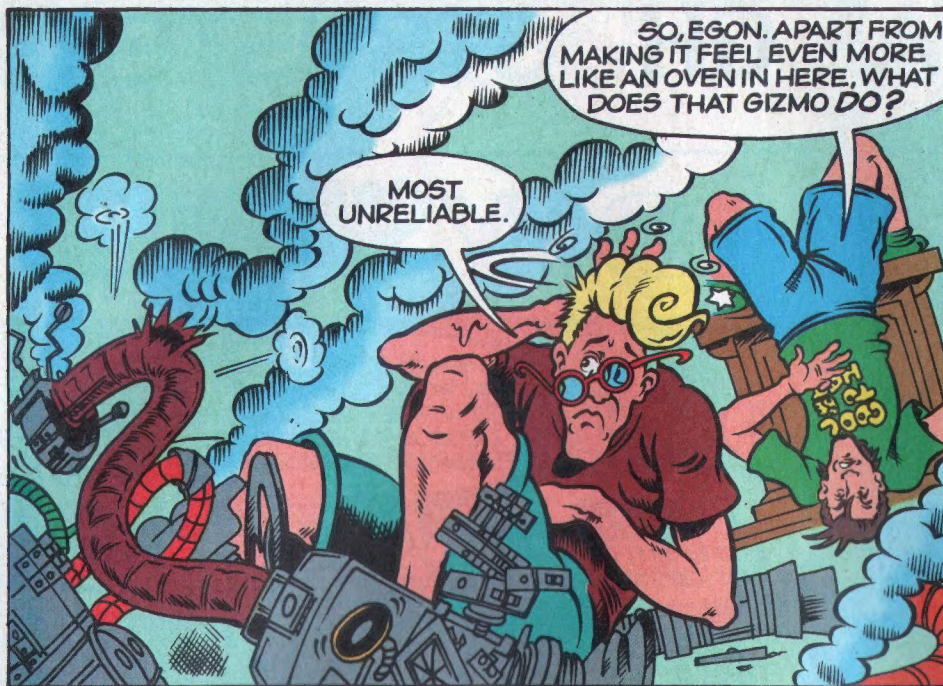
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MELNITZ

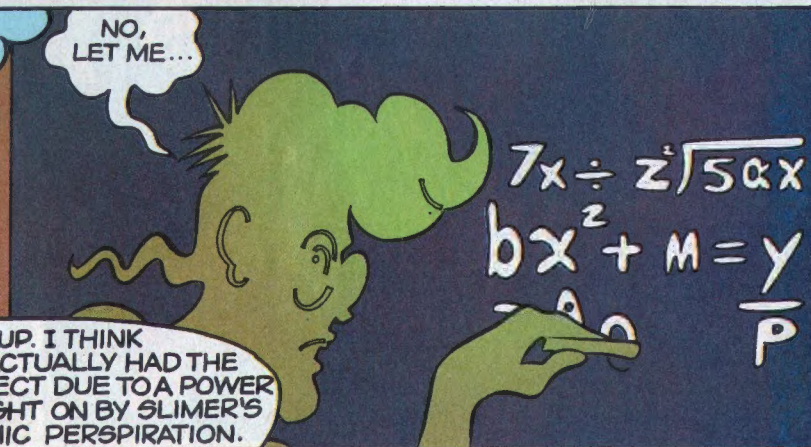
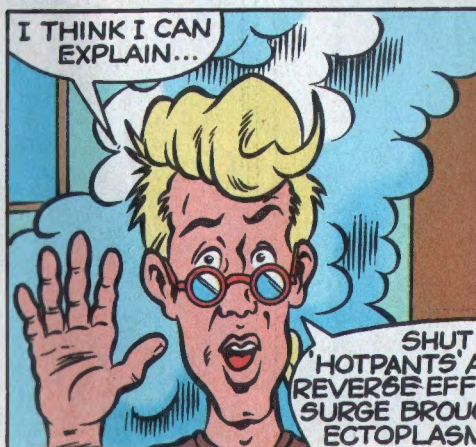
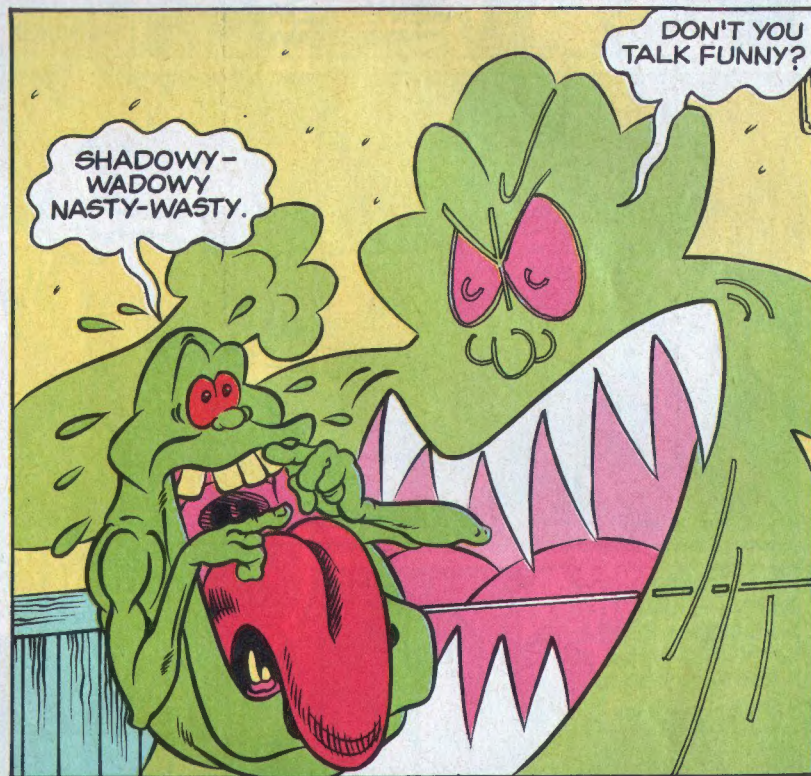
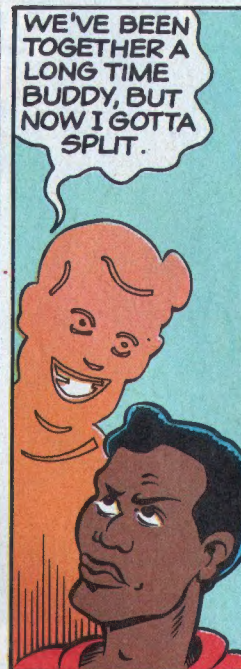
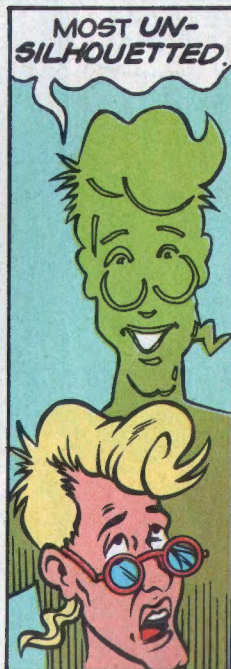


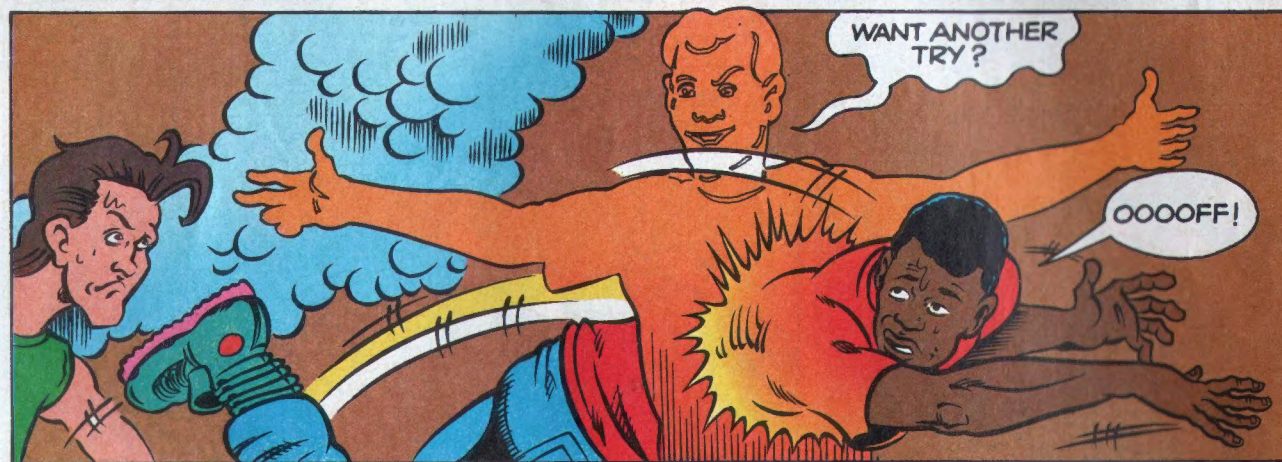
SLIMER

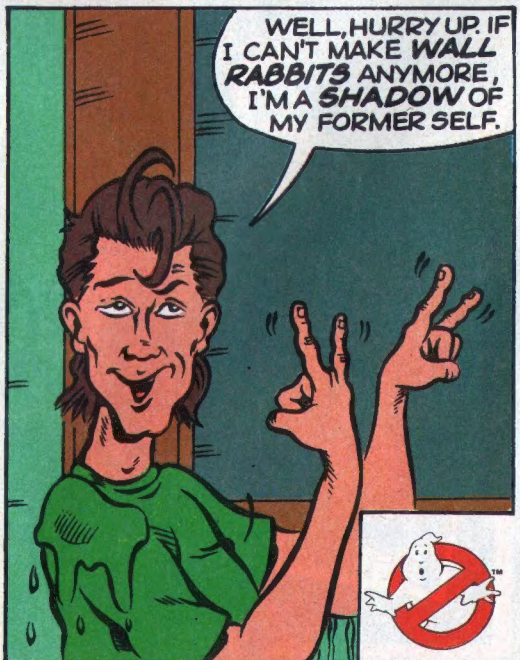
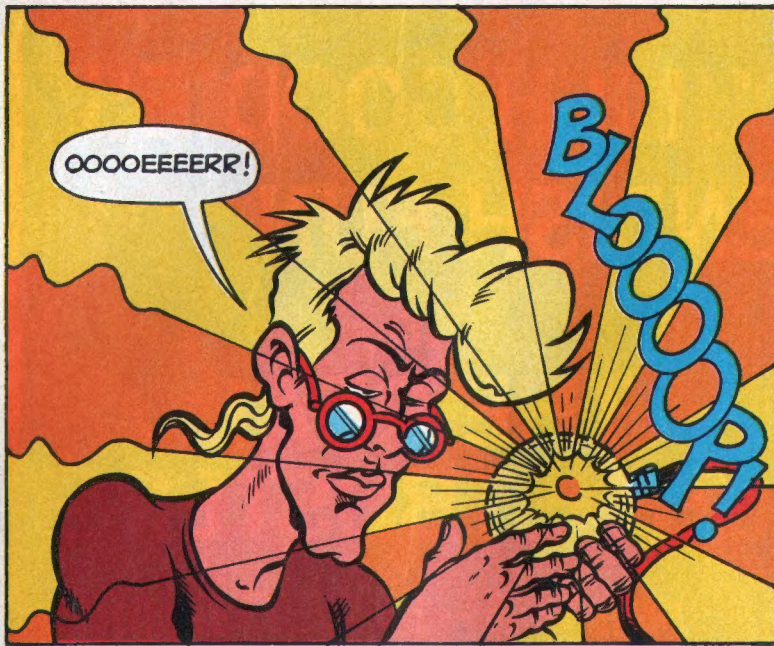
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











MORE GHOULISH GOODIES AND FIENDISH FUN

in
**THE REAL
GHOSTBUSTERS™**

Issue 164 – FREE Badge
and Slush Puppie's
Raleigh Bike Competition

Issue 165 – FREE Sticker



Issue 166 – Robinson's
Ready Drinks Radio
Competition

ON SALE EVERY WEEK!

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

If you think that strolling down the avenue is the only thing you'll ever do with your shadow, think again! Under certain circumstances, shadows can be a potent and unusual form of ghost. Let's look at the following cases:

Nosh Simmonds of Pensiveville, Montana, had a shadow that did everything he did and copied his every move. Eventually he went mad and tried to cut off his shadow with an axe. Nosh is receiving psychiatric help at the Montana State Home for the Befuddled.

Julie Lime of Citrusville, Nebraska, noticed in early 1977 that her shadow was that of a large, four-hundred-pound man. Local psychics discovered that she had actually inherited her late Uncle Wilbert's shadow, so they had the shadow taken away and put in in a trust fund until she was old enough to use it. When the shadow was removed, Julie's shadow was found underneath.

'Amazing' Harry Stubbs, the celebrated vaudeville comedian and champion shadow puppet maker was plagued in later life by a series of shadow puppets that he was not responsible for. In a particularly bad attack, the shadows of three ogres



PART 165

mugged his Abraham Lincoln and his panting dog and pulled the ears off his rabbit. Police are looking into the event, and say they are close to catching the culprit beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Shade is another name for ghostly shadows, and Lenny Mancuse suffered from shades a great deal in the summer of 1989. His shades, a pair of Ray Blocks with tortoiseshell frames, became possessed by a bored gremlin on vacation in Lenny's home town of Poncey, Indiana. The gremlin proceeded to conjure amazing shadow demons up in front of Lenny every time

the poor boy put on his shades. Lenny has since taken lessons in being uncool and simply closes his eyes in bright sunlight.

Beaumaris Varney of Tupperware, Vancouver, lost his shadow in a pruning accident at the age of six and has ever since been the focus of lost and wayward shadows looking for a friendly body to mimic. In the thirty years since his accident, Varney has had at various times, the shadows of a go-go dancer, a judge, a boiled egg, a Pekinese on a sled and a tractor.

Pip Willis of Chuckupton, Wisconsin, accidentally got his shadow muddled with that of his twin sister Beth at birth. This has been the cause of both family fun and public embarrassment ever since, as the shadows follow the actions of their original host rather than that of their present one. This has proved to be particularly unfortunate on two occasions: one when Beth was on a date and Pip was in the shower, and the other when Pip was at a job interview and Beth was in ballet class. The pair now tend to take a lot of care staying close to each other and checking what the other is doing, and they compare their appointment diaries on a regular basis.

Friday, 2nd August 1991

'You tell him.'

'No, you tell him.'

'No, you tell him...'

Whoa. It seems you can't set foot in Ghostbusters' HQ these days without getting involved in a discussion that runs roughly along those lines. It's always been the case, but it just seems to have gotten worse and worse as time has gone by. The only variation seems to be 'You tell *her*' when it's Janine that's got to be told.

Told what? I hear you ask, dear Diary.

Good question, and Ray will tell you the answer.

Oh, all right, I will.

Things go wrong in a busy, hectic, work-a-day environment like ours. Uniforms get scorched and ruined, slime gets spilt, books get trodden on, pizzas get washed (on a non colour-fast speed spin cycle, actually, but that's quite another story), telephones get melted, prized copies of *Drongo Space Pirates From Beyond Pluto* on VHS go the same way as prized petunias, or prized copies of *Vondahuck's Well That Made Me Jump And No Mistake* or prized torque wrenches or prized limited edition picture discs of Metal-witch's *I Tripped On Your Grave*.

What I'm trying to say is that Ghostbuster's HQ is no place for something valuable. I mean, would you leave something valuable in a place with a leaky roof that was home to four men who ran about a lot, shouting and shooting things and bringing home steaming sizzling nuclear traps and whose best friend was a blobby, green ghost?

Exactly.

The other phrase you tend to hear in HQ almost as much as 'You tell him' is 'It wasn't me'. For precisely the same reasons. Egon has this theory. Well, ha ha, Egon had this book full of theories, but one in particular is important to this issue.

'I think... ' Egon said.

'Therefore you are?' asked Peter.

'I think... ' Egon said, more firmly, 'that a

great deal of the accidents and mishaps that occur in this building can be put down to Slimer.'

'At last! A sane idea!' cried Peter, but he was drowned out by me, Ray and Janine shouting 'That's unfair! You can't blame the little spud for everything!' and we in turn were drowned out by Egon shouting 'LET ME FINISH!'

We let him.

'The point is,' Egon finished, 'that Slimer is a ghost, and as such is composed of various Supercosmic chemicals that are alien to us and come from the infernal realm of the otherworld. If I may quote from Tobin...'

'NO, YOU MAY NOT!' Peter, Janine, Ray and I interjected.

'Very well, then,' said Egon, closing the book and lowering it with a pulley onto the RSJ-reinforced load-bearing reading lecturn he had built. He waited until the echoes had died away. 'It seems from my research that part of Slimer's Supercosmic genetics may be the same chemical elements that compose Gremlins, and as such it is his simple presence that induces accidents, mishaps and other disasters to occur in this building. I've explained it all more thoroughly in these notes.' Egon handed each of us a photocopied sheaf of papers that looked as interesting as the practice records of the Indianapolis Tortoise Speedway Time Trials (the only racing event in the world where it is possible to use time lapse cameras to decide a photo finish).

'Run that past me again,' said Ray. 'Are you saying that without doing anything, Slimer causes accidents?'

'Exactly,' said Egon. 'If you'll turn to page fifty-nine of your notes, you'll see a table marked *Spread Sheet Differentials Of A Class Five Repeater With Gremlin Tendencies*. I think it's all pretty clear from that.'

'Maybe,' said Janine dryly. 'Which way up does it go?'

'Just point the positive curve north and you'll have it,' Egon instructed us. We all turned to the left and said 'Oh yeah'.

'So,' I said, 'Slimer is partly a Gremlin and as such he is the main reason my socks ended up in the dishwasher last night?'

'And my nail file was used to spit roast a chicken last week?' asked Janine.

'And my best jacket was turned into dusters?' asked Ray.

'And my commemorative Forrest J. Ackerman pencil sharpener turned up in the microwave resembling a small green pool of wax?' asked Peter.

'Yes,' said Egon. 'But I think that through careful analysis of Slimer's slime, we can devise an effective anti-bacterial agent that will prevent such sub-conscious Gremlin activity from happening again. Here's how ...' Egon began to tell us, with an awful lot of reference to his notes. An hour later he told us he was halfway through.



'Hey, Peter!' I hissed, through my teeth so Egon wouldn't hear. 'What have you done to your notes?'

'Origami,' he told me. 'This is a plane, and this is a seal with a ball on its nose and this the honourable victory of Pearl Harbour. Great, huh?'

'Peter!' said Egon, like a school teacher.

'What is that?'

'Tell him,' I told Peter.

'No, you tell him ...'

The next morning, I met Egon in Reception. He was looking tired and surly after his night of research. I heard most of it through the walls of the dorm. Slimer hadn't been too happy to participate voluntarily with the extensive programme of electro-analysis, slime photo-reception, ecto-morphic resonance scans and the like.

'How did it go?' I asked him.

'Eventually, very well,' he said. 'I think I have isolated the specific ectoplasmic compound in Slimer that causes the Gremlin effect. All that I have to do is subject the slime sample to further tests after a night of refrigeration and I'll be able to say for sure.'

'Hey,' I said, 'that's great! It'll sure please Slimer to get off the hook and have some defense against his condition. I'm looking forward to living in a place where disasters never happen.'

'Me too,' admitted Egon, almost human for a moment. 'I feel very sorry for poor Slimer.'

'So where did you put the slime sample?' I asked.

'In the fridge, of course,' Egon said.

We went into the kitchen, where Peter was reading the National Enquirer after his breakfast. 'Hey guys', he greeted us, 'how are you both today?'

'Fine,' we said.

'You ought to try some of that new lime flavoured yoghurt,' he said, 'it's great.'

I looked at Egon and he looked back.

'That's proof if ever I saw it,' I said.

'Yup,' Egon agreed.

'Do you want some of the yoghurt?' Peter asked, getting up and going to the fridge, 'I think there's some left.'

I turned to Egon. 'You tell him,' I said.

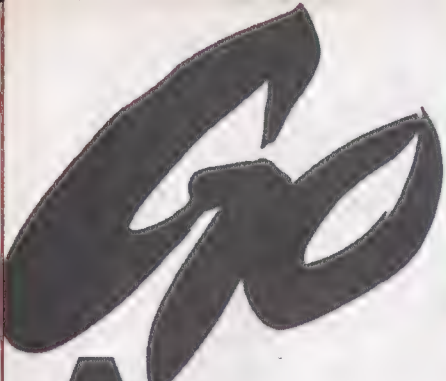
'No,' he said, 'you tell him ...'











GREEN!

With



♻️ NatWest WORLD SAVERS



AMES
TO
BE
W
O
N



alling all the environmentally conscious amongst you!

Did you know that it takes 50 times more energy to make a battery than you can get out of one, and that over 80% of household rubbish could be re-cycled but isn't?

These are just two fascinating facts you will learn as you play a brand new board game called 'Go Green!' It has been developed to show that saving the environment is enjoyable. It's great fun to play. Simply go around the board visiting places like Babblebrook Farm to deposit your milk bottles, Arboretum Park to plant a tree, Soapy Joe's Refill Shop to drop off your empty shampoo bottles and Cranks Bike Shop to collect a bike.

The object of the game is for each player to visit the nine collection and deposit banks on the board to collect or deposit a relevant card. The first player to return home after completing all tasks is the winner.

The 'Go Green!' instruction booklet is easy to understand and is also packed full of quizzes, projects, mini games, interesting facts and experiments for you to carry out.



The game has been devised by the World Wide Fund For Nature (WWF) and sponsored by NatWest World Savers - a special bank account for children between the ages of 7-13.

We have got together with NatWest World Savers who have given us 65 'Go Green!' games absolutely free to give away to readers. Simply write your name, address and the name of the comic on the back of a postcard, or sealed envelope, and send it to:-

**NatWest Go Green!
Game offer,
154 Great
Charles Street,
Birmingham,
B3 3HU.**

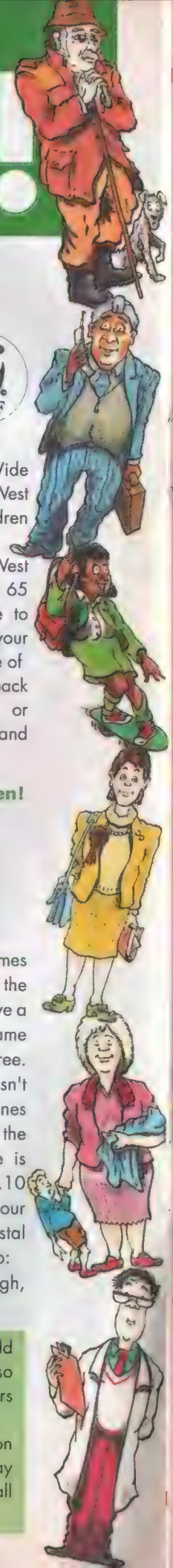
The first names pulled out of the postbag will receive a 'Go Green!' game absolutely free. If your name isn't one of the lucky ones pulled out of the

postbag don't worry. The 'Go Green!' game is available from WWF for just £12.95 (plus £2.10 postage and packing per game). Simply send your name and address along with a cheque or postal order for £15.05 made payable to WWF to:

Go Green!, WWF UK, PO Box 963, Slough, SL2 3RS.

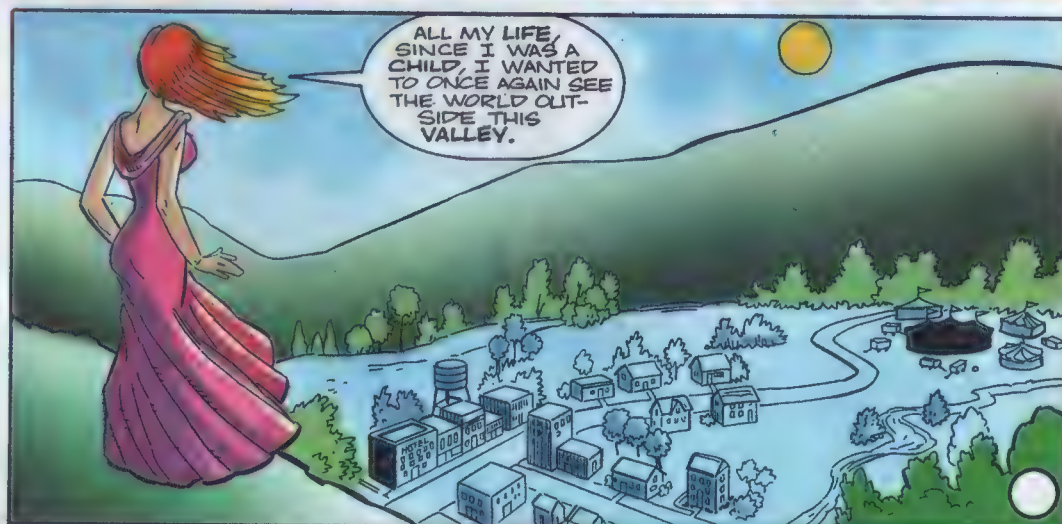
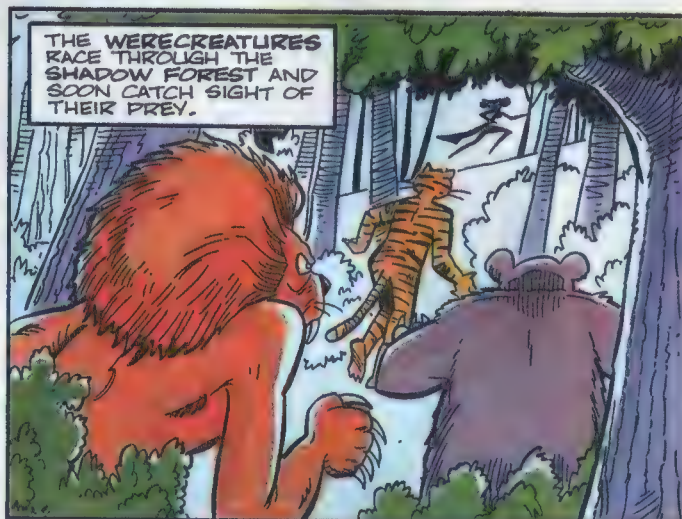
Open a NatWest World Savers bank account and you will be sent a special pack containing a World Savers badge, membership card, pen, credit book wallet, stamp album and Royal Mint medal. You will also receive an annual copy of 'Our World', the official magazine for World Savers which contains vouchers allowing subsidised or free entry to many places of interest around the country.

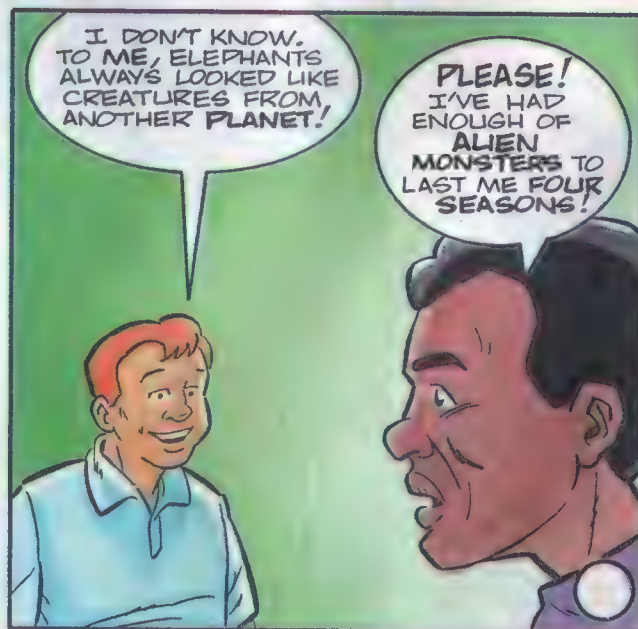
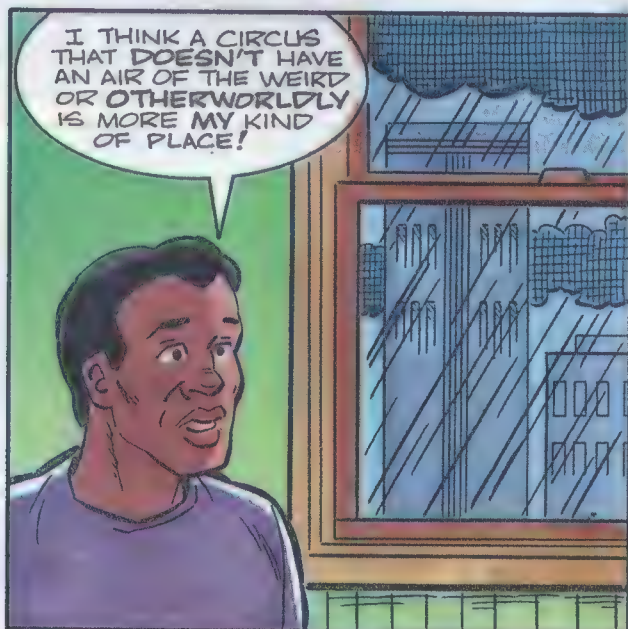
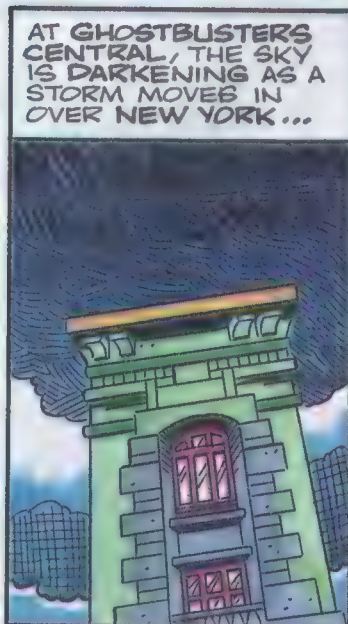
Every time an account is opened, NatWest gives £1 to the World Wide Fund For Nature and depending on how much money you keep in your account, a further donation is made. And what is more, each time you pay into the account you will be given a stamp to collect or a sheet of animal stickers to place on an African wall frieze. Your local NatWest branch has further details about this account.

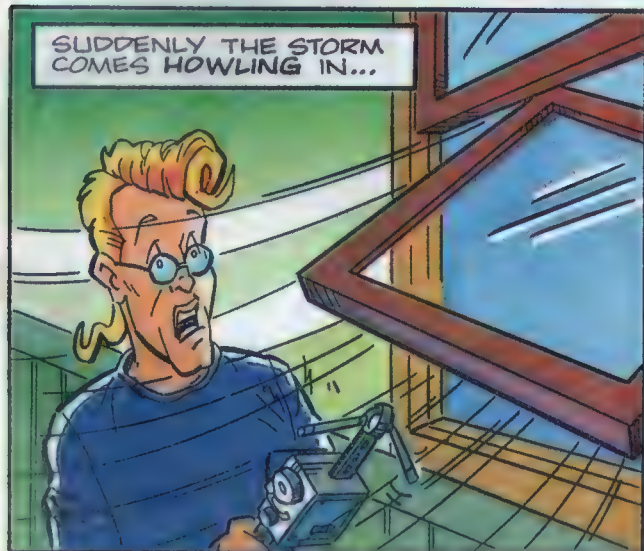
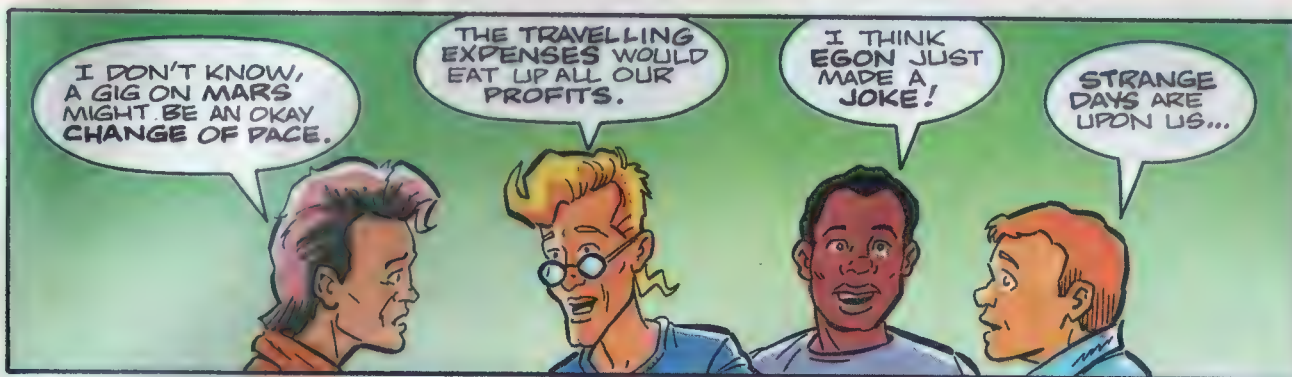


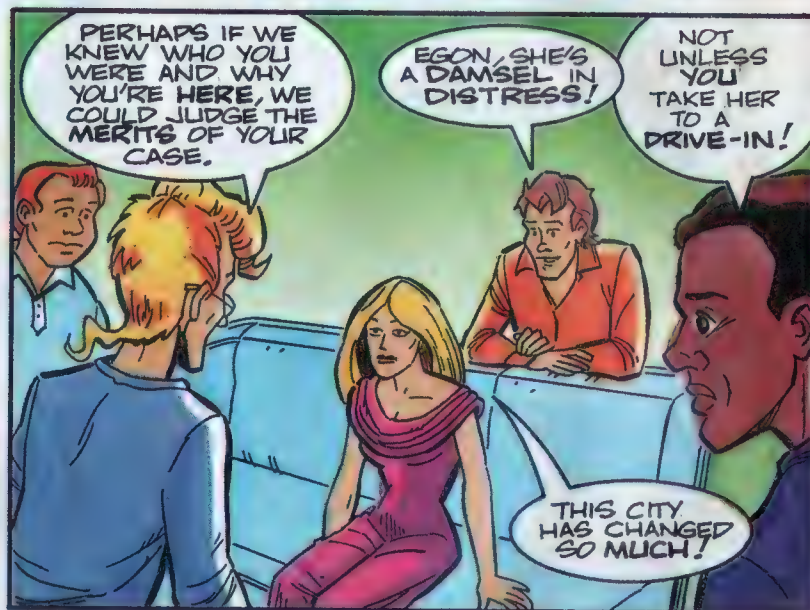
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

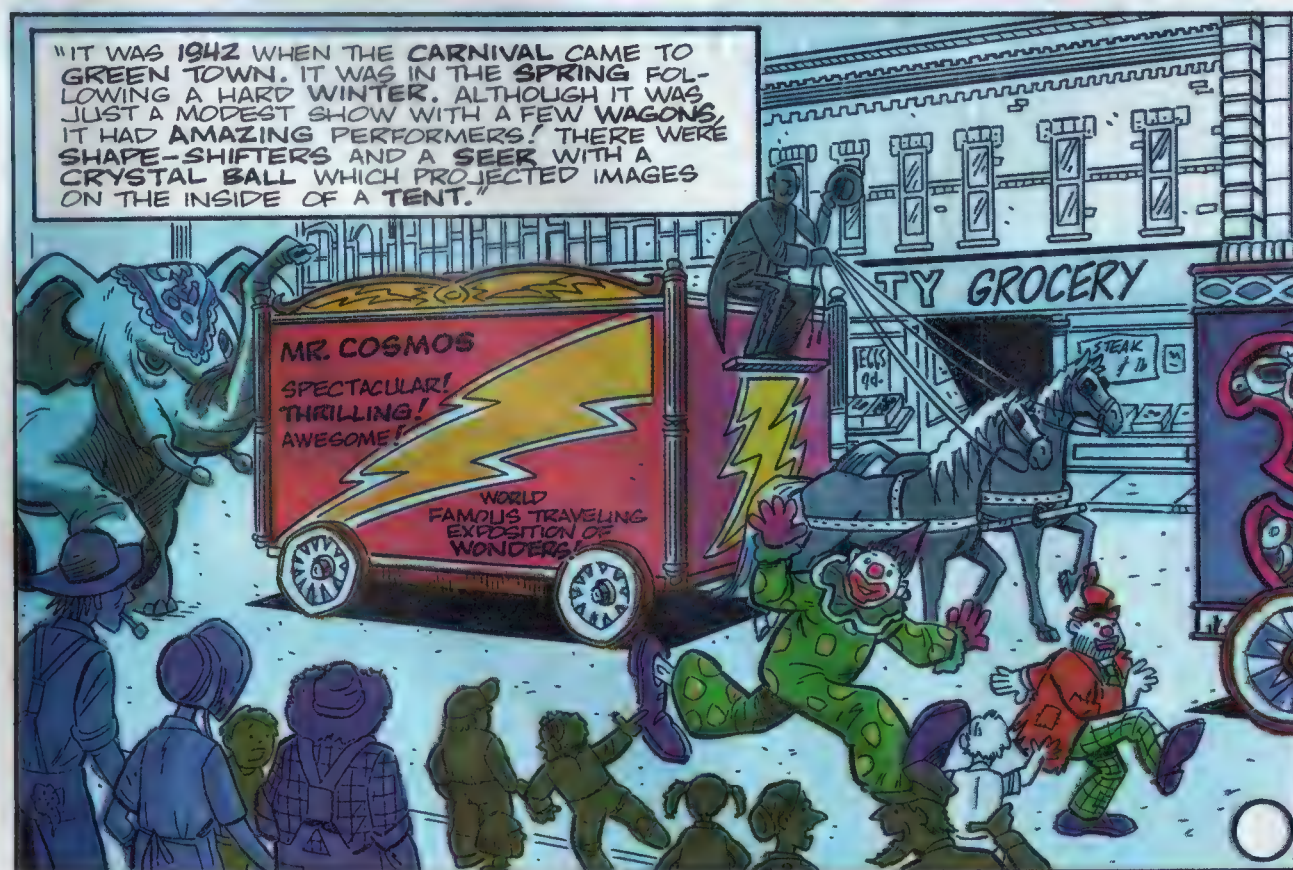
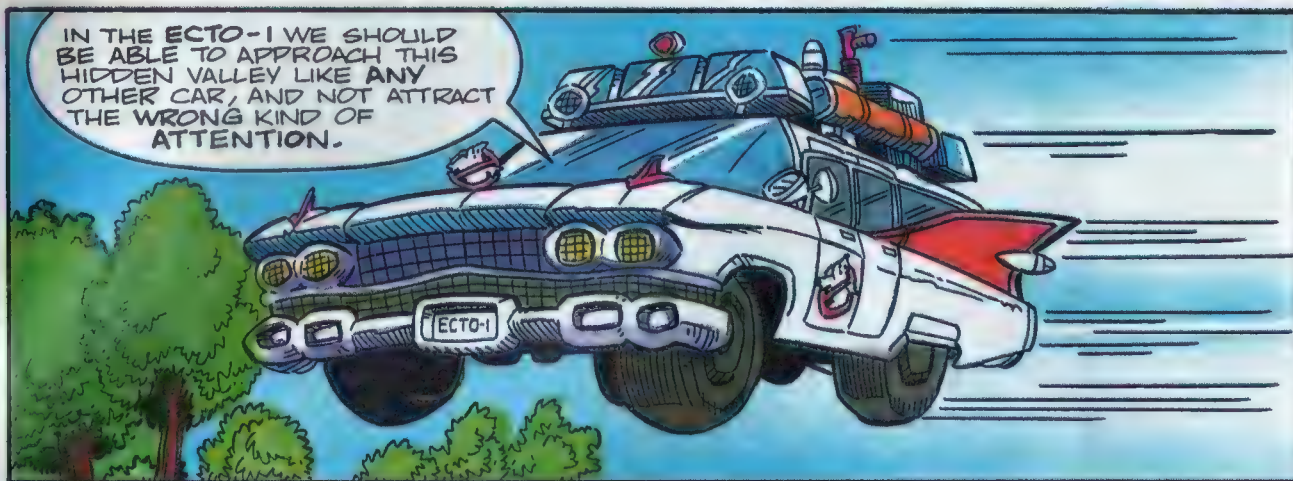
Part Two: Denetia has escaped from the evil clutches of Mr Cosmos' circus. But the evil Mr Cosmos has strange powers and The Real Ghostbusters must beware!














"THE CIRCUS BROUGHT JOY AND MADE PEOPLE FORGET THEIR PROBLEMS. BUT IT ALSO BROUGHT PROMISES. THE OWNER AND RINGMASTER IS MR. COSMOS! HE KNEW HOW TO FIND PEOPLE'S SECRET DESIRES AND MAKE THEM COME TRUE."

"HE ALSO PROMISED TO KEEP THE VALLEY SAFE FROM THE WAR WHICH GRIPPED THE WORLD. WHEN THE SEER, FATA MORGANA, SHOWED HOW THE WAR WOULD END..."

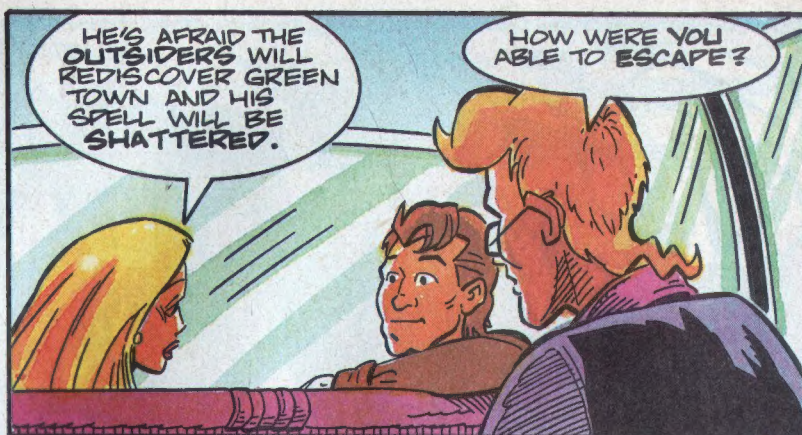
"... THEY BEGGED COSMOS TO PROTECT THEM AND HIDE THEIR SECRETS. AND SO ONE NIGHT COSMOS CAST A SPELL WHICH HID GREEN TOWN AND ERASED ALL TRACE OF IT FROM MAPS."

"ANYONE WHO WANDERED INTO THE VALLEY AND DISCOVERED THE SMALL TOWN WAS FORCED TO REMAIN. BUT COSMOS IS GOOD AT MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY ENOUGH TO TURN THEIR BACKS ON THE OUTSIDE WORLD."



THOSE OF US WHO'VE GROWN UP IN THE VALLEY HAVE BEGUN TO LONG FOR THE WORLD OUTSIDE.

AND HE WON'T LET ANYONE LEAVE?!



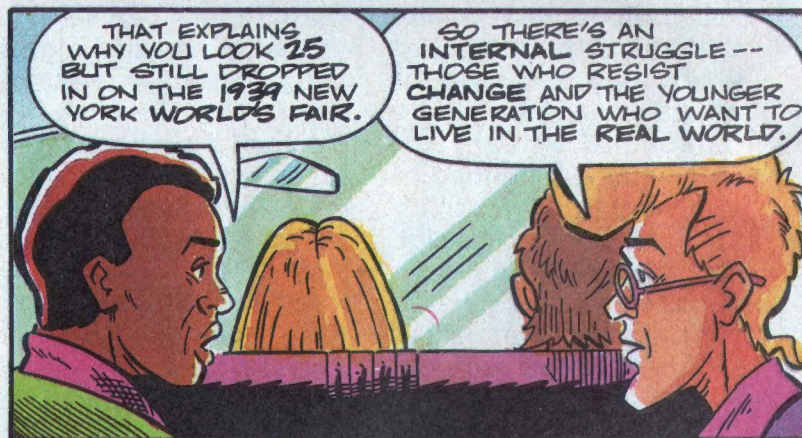
HE'S AFRAID THE OUTSIDERS WILL REDISCOVER GREEN TOWN AND HIS SPELL WILL BE SHATTERED.

HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO ESCAPE?



I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER DID, OR EVER COULD. I'M ALMOST HIS MATCH IN POWER. I SHOULD BE. I'M HIS DAUGHTER.

UH, OH. THE FAMILY PLOT THICKENS.



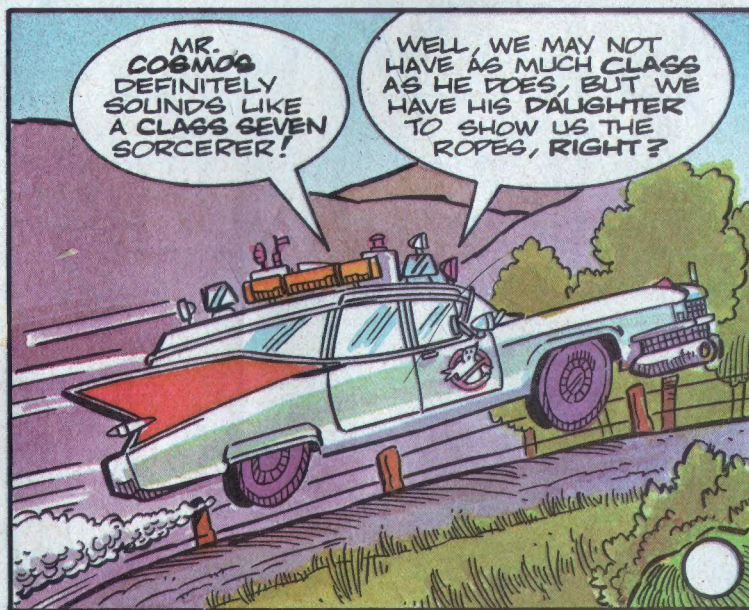
THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOU LOOK 25 BUT STILL DROPPED IN ON THE 1939 NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

SO THERE'S AN INTERNAL STRUGGLE -- THOSE WHO RESIST CHANGE AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION WHO WANT TO LIVE IN THE REAL WORLD.



SOUNDS LIKE AN AGE OLD STORY.


TOLD THIS TIME WITH AGE OLD MUSIC!



MR. COSMOS DEFINITELY SOUNDS LIKE A CLASS SEVEN SORCERER!

WELL, WE MAY NOT HAVE AS MUCH CLASS AS HE DOES, BUT WE HAVE HIS DAUGHTER TO SHOW US THE ROPES, RIGHT?

More Ghostbusting action next week!



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



here is a small town in southern Illinois where nothing much ever seems to happen. On the outskirts is an old collapsed railway bridge that spans the river, and which used to carry a lot of troop trains during the time of the Civil War.

One night a train load of soldiers was approaching the bridge. The bridge had been cut and so a gateman was positioned with a lantern that he was supposed to swing back and forth to warn the engine drivers. Unfortunately, the gateman failed to do this simple task, and as a result, the train was wrecked and everyone on board was killed. Shortly afterwards, the gateman died.

A couple of nights after his death, a red lantern was seen swinging back-

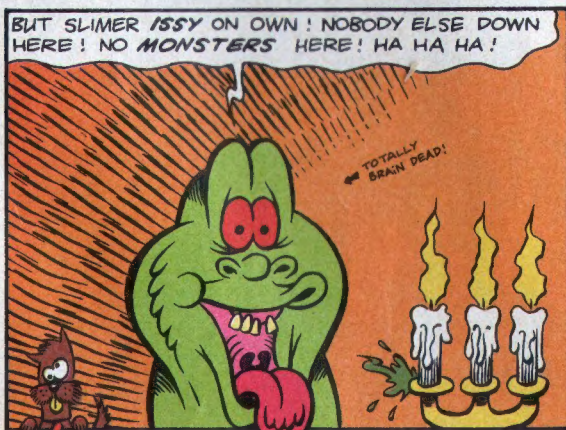
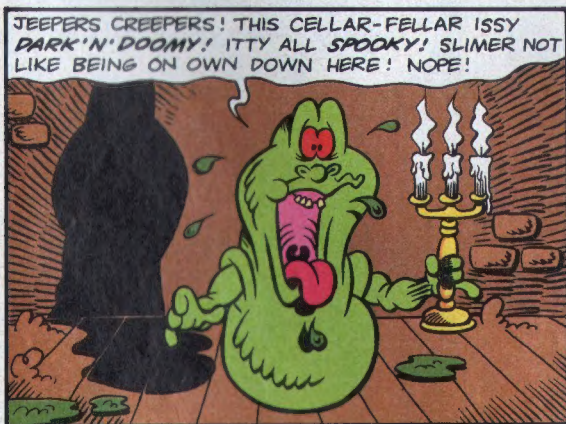
wards and forwards in the dark as if warning an approaching train. The glowing light kept receding into the distance until finally it disappeared altogether. Over the years, many people saw the lantern on dark nights and so gradually the story started that the old gateman had been doomed to spend all eternity standing at the crossing in order to warn whoever might be coming along.

Now, a particularly scientific man, a nuclear engineer by trade, was a resident of those parts. He was not a man given to idle talk, and his background in science made it hard for him to believe such stories. However, one night, he and a couple of friends were discussing their old school days and their talk led onto the subject of the ghost. As children, they had been

too scared, but now they had the courage to investigate the strange lantern carrier. They didn't really believe the story, but none of them knew what to expect.

It was a dark and cloudless night as they walked along the rusty track, but the single torch they carried was turned off. Suddenly, up ahead where the tracks ended, they saw the red glowing lantern swinging back and forth. Thinking it might be a practical joke, they ran towards the light, but it never seemed to get any nearer. And then suddenly the light disappeared. They stopped, flashed on the torch and to their horror discovered that they were literally inches from the edge of the steep drop and certain death.





STAMPING OUT CRIME

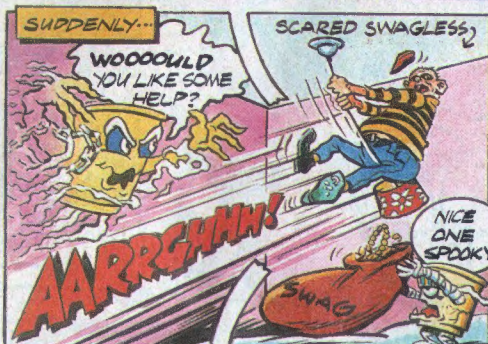
IT'S THE **St Ivel** FIENDISH FEET



SPOOKY WOOKY



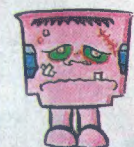
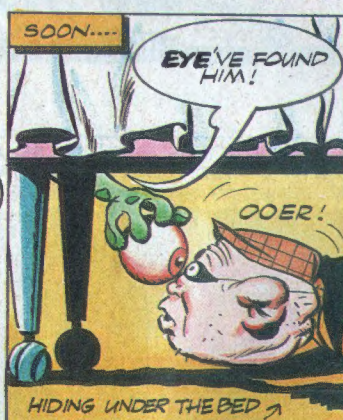
DOOYAFINKISAURUS



MESMA EYES



PHAROAH NUFF



FRANK'N STEIN



TONGUE TWISTER



MOANING MUMMY



CHEESEY WHEESEY - CHEESE SPREAD -

MONSTER MOUSSE

DAIRY DESSERT

LOW FAT YOGURT

TREMBLERS